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The Doctor's Dead Patient.

BY HARRY JEWELL.

Was on a dark December evening;
Loud the blast and bitter cold;
Downwards came the chinking waters;
Deep and black the river rolled;
Not a bug beneath the tempest;
Not a beggar upon his bier;
Wind and rain, and cold and darkness,
Swept through every desert street.

Muffled to the teeth that evening
I was strolling in the storm,
Through pestilential lanes and hungry alleys;
Suddenly, an ancient form
Drew from out a gloomy doorway,
And, with trembling croak, it said,
"In the left hand empty garter
You will find a woman dead."

Never stepped a finer creature
When she was a simple maid;
But she did, like many others,
Love a man and was betrayed.
I have seen her in her carriage
Riding diamonds in her hair;
And I've seen her starting—startling,
Do you hear? and now—she's dead!"

Up the worn and slippery stairs
With a quickened pulse I sprang:
Fame, life, and death despair.
Round about the darkness hung;
No kind vision met my glances;
Friend or helper of the poor;
To the ebony room I entered,
And looked down upon the floor!

There, on the rough and naked boards,
A long, gaunt, wasted figure lay,
Mangled in her youth by hunger,
All its beauty, wrinkled away.

Lies a poor waif here nothing,
Clothes nor fuel, food nor bed;
Nothing, save some ragged rags
Wherewith lay her ghastly head.

"Nothing?" yet what more could pity
Crave, for one about to die,
Than sweet words from one she worshipped,
(Sweet, though ev'ry word a lie!)

In the morning of her pleasure,
In the midnight of her pain,
They were all her wealth, her comfort,
Treasured, ay, and not in vain.

And with her they lie mouldering,
And a date upon a stone.
Telest where (and the end?)
Lay poor outcast sleepeth alone.

Mount not; for at length she sleepeth
The soft shoulder of the dead;
Resting on her loved love-letters,
Last fit pillow for her head.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

THE FIRST KISS.

BY AN AMATEUR.

When I speak of kissing, I don't include kissing mother, or sister, aunt, grandmother, or the like; people that are a father, and mother, and so forth; but I mean the wife, sweetheart, and other females, that are not kin or blood relation. That's the sort I am going to describe.

There is a beautiful village about twenty-four miles north of New Haven, called in Indian tongue Pomperaug. What it means in Indian, I don't know. It was not taught us in the district school up there where we learned our A.B.C.'s, and afterwards progressed as far as BABA-KER-KER, BARKE, when I was allowed to graduate and enter the "Yankee Seminary," under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Fuller. One of my schoolmates in that place was a bright, intelligent boy, of the name of Walter Marshall. I loved him; so did everybody else in the old village love him. He grew up to manhood, but not there. Now, New Haven is a great city, and the principal factories are manufacturing; but there, and are flourishing small parts and ports the known world, wherever a Yankee craft has been or the stars and stripes.

Walter, when he reached the age of fourteen, arrived in New York from his native village, in the desolate situation that is frequent among New England boys; that is to say, he had only the usual accompaniments of those unfeigned chaps, who afterwards make the merchants and great men of the country, and not infrequently of other lands. He had a little wooden truck pretty well stocked with "ammunition," a sixty-eight gun, a barrel, and a powder horn; and Walter, the young lad, strolled over the broad streets of New York, and, as he went along, he might find, in a three dollar hotel, a room, and pay a dollar a day for his board, and the quantity of energy, patience, perseverance, and ambition, he entered the counting room of a large mercantile house in South street. His honesty, activity and industry won him many friends. Among them was an English merchant who had a large commercial establishment in Calcutta, and a branch at Bombay. He was in this country on business connected with his commercial firm in Calcutta, and did his business with the firm. Walter clinked it with; and the latter attacked his notice. He was sixteen years of age when the Bombay gentleman made him a most liberal offer to go to India with him; which after very little palaver among his friends, Walter accepted. New England boys don't start off on the unusually long, wandering excursions, without first getting leave of absence for a few days' preparatory exercise, which they spend in going where they originally came from, and then having a few good looks at the weather-beaten old village church, the high old steeples, which was wonderfully reduced in size and elevation since they first saw it, to notice it, in school-boy days; then they must hear the bell ring once more, even if they have to take a pull at the rope; then take a look at the white gravestones, if there are any left, and then fresh made, and if so, to ask who, among old friends, has gone to his last resting-place; then to his mother and sister, shake hands with father—and the stage is at the door of the tavern, and they are ready for a start to go 'way.

Walter went to do, and did do all this; but

he did not get into the stage at a tavern. He walked down the road, ahead of the coach toward the old bridge, and told the stage driver to stop and let him get in at the minister's house, at Parson Fuller's. Mary Fuller had two daughters. She was the prettiest, liveliest little wench that ever wore long, loose tresses of auburn hair, and had blue eyes. She was only twelve years old, and Walter was nearly seventeen. She did love him, though; he was all in all to her; he had bought her battles all through her childhood companion, and she had no brother. She was Walter's cousin, too, a sort of half-first cousin, for her mother had been the half-sister of Walter's mother. They were not too near related, for purposes hereafter to be named.

"Oh, no; not me."

"What could she mean?" But he had no time to indulge in conjecture; the stage drove up to the door in front of Parson Fuller's house, and there was the venerable parson, and his good lady in the doorway; he had a lump in his throat, all ready to receive Walter as he approached.

The stage was now entering the village. In a few moments he would be at Mary Fuller's house. He thought of her, and he felt ashamed and downright guilty. What could Mary, his little wife? that was to say, if she knew he had been acting so? As these things passed rapidly through his mind, he began to study how to get out of the difficulty and decently.

"You go out in the stage, I suppose, to the next town, or perhaps still further?"

"No, no; not me."

"I'll tell you this, Walter; the idea that you are going to the next town, or perhaps still further, is a win-up to their parting scene. Three days afterwards, Walter was in New York; and just four months, and twenty days farther on, in the entrance of Time, he was making out invoices and acting as corresponding clerk to the firm in Bombay.

He shall not stop long enough to relate how many times he went to the exhibition of venetian-looking cuba di capello ladies, says, just for fun, and to show how innocent the beauties were, and how easy the blue eyes were cured; how he used to sit in the gallery with good Sir Robert Grant, the Governor of Bombay, and how he was with him, and what he said, the very morning of the day old George, the Cholera, made the Sir Robert his victim—all these things I shall leave to another time, and a more appropriate heading. I skip over all these, and six years of time beside, and land Master Walter at Staten Island, bring him up to the elev in a steamerboat, and leave him alone to the stage door, which the driver had opened. Walter felt that he was disengaged, for the first time, from his wife.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

For Mr. Jefferson my venerable friend always seemed to have entertained a strong attachment. He kept a small engraved miniature portrait of him on his writing-table. It was there, ten years ago, when I first visited his library, and is still preserved in his family. During his last illness, one morning when I was sitting by his bedside, he said, "I want some of your books renovated a little, and I want to give them to my wife." He said, "but she is very pretty, and I'd be sorry to let her kiss a strange girl, if she was pretty?" His wife and aunt had come down the stone walls to the door-yard gate, almost to the stage door, which the driver had opened. Walter felt that he was disengaged, for the first time, from his wife.

"Don't for God's sake expose me, young man."

"I will—get out."

"Oh," thought Walter, "it's all over with me," and now he holds hands with the clergyman and flings his arms around the aunt. Mrs. Mary Fuller, the wife of the Rev. Mr. John Mary in the stage, as I live! So, so, you would come up with our cousin, eh?"

"Yes, mother; and what do you think of the incident East Indians have been doing?" His mother and aunt had come down the stone walls to the door-yard gate, almost to the stage door, which the driver had opened. Walter felt that he was disengaged, for the first time, from his wife.

THE GREAT FIRE.

One evening last year, at a meeting of the Ethnological Society, Mr. Robert Greenhow of Washington, who was present, told Mr. Gallatin that he had been sold for a bribe to relieve, to release him before he knew him, but Baron Humboldt told him he would be disappointed, and so it proved. "La Place," he said, "was an extraordinary man, but he had the highest respect—the most exalted opinion, for his varied and profound learning, as well as for the excellency of his heart and simplicity of his manners."

With La Place, Mr. Gallatin was long on terms of intimacy, and esteemed him for his excellent qualities. He was a regular visitor at his houses, where he met all the great men then residing in Paris.

SE. G.'S SYSTEM WHILE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

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Speaking of La Place, on one occasion, he said the world was already deceived as to the extent of his acquirements. He had formed a high opinion of him before he knew him, but Baron Humboldt told him he would be disappointed, and so it proved. "La Place," he said, "was an extraordinary man, but he had the highest respect—the most exalted opinion, for his varied and profound learning, as well as for the excellency of his heart and simplicity of his manners."

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